

AROUND THE WORLD.

A letter from Mark Twain Descriptive of Adventures in Hayti. The Professor is now about to sail from San Francisco to Japan, and of course could not run back to visit Hayti. Yet it was manifest that Hayti ought to be visited at once, and a very peculiar state of things existing there illustrated in such a manner as to give the American public a better appreciation of it than they could gather from mere frozen facts and figures in the New York papers. Therefore the undersigned has attended to it.

TROPICAL ASPECTS. AT SEA, OFF PORT-AU-PRINCE, October 5.

As I stepped ashore at the above-named place to-day, I was assailed by a swarm of darkeys of all ages and all degrees of hilarity and raggadness. But it was a peaceful assault. They wanted to carry my valise to the hotel.

In the midst of the clamor I felt that the valise was passing from me. I was helpless. I simply followed it, making no complaint. It was on the head of a bright little darkey who depended solely on his personal comeliness for attractiveness—he had nothing on but a shirt. And the length of time that had elapsed since that shirt was at the laundry was longer than the shirt itself, I should judge.

We wound in and out among the narrow streets bordered by small houses scantily furnished, and generally with pigs, cats, and parrots, and naked colored children littering the dilapidated little front porches, a monkey or two making trouble with all these parties in turn; a glimpse through the open door of an insignificant stock of wares for sale—such as oranges, pine-apples, coconuts, bread, sausages, cigars, brooms, herrings, cheap prints of saints carrying their bleeding hearts outside their shirt-bosoms—and tending the grocery, a stout wench in parti-colored turban, calico dress, wide open at the breast, cigarette in mouth, no shoes, no stockings. Occasionally we passed gated houses, entirely surrounded by verandahs, and these verandahs close-shuttered to keep out the heat. In the yards attached to these houses were tall, thick-bodied coconuts, with foliage like a bunch of swamps flags exaggerated—the cocoa penular to the West Indies. And of course in these yards was a world of flowering tropical plants—curious, gorgeous, outlandish-looking things that had the air of being glaringly out of place with no green-house glass arranged around them.

ODORS OF WAIL.

It was the hottest part of the day, and so there were not many people stirring. We met two companies of soldiers on their way to embark for the northern coast, where the Quaker City is bombarding Fort Picotet. The Quaker City! It seems strange to speak of her as being engaged in such work—the very ship in which a hundred of us pilgrims made a famous picnic excursion half a year ago, and the world about two years ago. But she seems a good warrior. She just riddled one of Salnave's war vessels in a sea-fight two or three days ago.

A NEAT SPECULATION.

The third citizen I met addressed me in Spanish, and said he was going down to Bejar to post himself on a hill and observe the battle which must come off there in a day or two, between the insurgents and the Government troops, and he would take it as a very great favor if I would sell him the field-glass that was suspended from my shoulder.

I said I did not care particularly to part with it, but still—what would he give? He said:—

"I am willing to pay forty thousand dollars."

"What?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"My friend, are you insane?"

He took a package out of a sort of knapsack which was slung about him, and deliberately counted out forty new and handsome one thousand dollar Haytien greenbacks. We exchanged. I felt small and mean thus to take advantage of a lunatic; but then, what would you have done? I then resumed my journey with an unusually sneaking expression in my countenance.

EXTORTION.

Arrived at my hotel, I asked the small colored boy what I owed him for carrying my valise.

"Nine hund'd dollahs, sah."

When I came to, a number of people were about me, applying restoratives and doing what else they could to help me. That soulless colored boy was standing there, cold, serene.

I said:—

"How much did you say, boy?"

"Nine hund'd dollahs, sah—reg'lar price, sah."

I appealed to the bystanders for protection. An old gentleman of noble countenance and commanding presence said the boy was right—he was charging only the usual rate. I looked at the other faces. They all mutely endorsed the venerable conspirator's statement.

I sadly handed the boy a thousand dollar bill. He walked off.

I was stupefied with amazement. "Gentlemen," I said, "what does this mean? There's a hundred dollars change coming to me."

"True," the old party said, "but it is not the custom to regard a trifle like that."

Stunned and dizzy, I hurried to my room and threw myself on the bed, almost satisfied that I had lost my reason. I applied tests. I repeated the multiplication table without making a mistake. It was plain that my comprehension of numbers was unimpaired. I repeated "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck," without a blunder. It was plain that my memory was sound. I read one of Mrs. Browning's poems and clearly understood some of it. It was plain that my intellectual faculties were in a condition of even unusual vigor. Then what in the world was the matter? Had I not suddenly developed a monomania—a craziness about money, only?

A FELLOW SUFFERER.

Somebody knocked. Then the door opened, and a poor, sad-looking American woman, of about thirty-five years, entered. I seated her with alacrity, and with interest, too; for I was glad enough to have a kind, troubled face to look into, and gather from it sympathy for my own sorrow. She said:—

"Sir, I am a stranger to you, but grief makes me bold. My husband died two months ago, and left me in this strange land with little money and not a friend in all the island. My oldest son was soon kidnapped and carried away to fight in the war. Our little property was ten miles from here, and I was living there at the time. My youngest child was lying sick of a fever. These sorrows were not enough. A week ago the insurgents came at night and burned my house to the ground. My sick child I saved—my other children saved themselves. But my escape was

narrow. A soldier cut me with his sabre—you can see the stitched gash if you will look while I part my hair on the back of my head—just there—do you see it? And this dress—do you observe the scorched place at the bottom? The fire was that close behind me. Think how sadly I am situated. I would give the world to get home again to America, if only to die. Can you not help me? Will you not help me? A friendly schooner captain will give me a free passage, but my creditors will not let me go till they are paid. Oh, I do not mean that all my creditors are so hard with me—no, the trifles I owe to most of them they have freely cancelled on their books. But the butcher and the grocer still hold out. They will not let me go. I beseech you, sir, help me in this great extremity. I would not go to any but an American—and it has cost me tears to come to you. But I want to go so much, and these bills are but a trifle—you cannot miss so small a sum—and if—

"Say no more, Madam! Say no more. You shall go home. I'll pay this villain grocer, and this bloody butcher. Pack your trunk."

"Heaven bless you, sir."

With that she fell upon my neck, poor creature, and gave way to her tears. I was moved myself, and finding all efforts to keep back my own tears fruitless, I yielded and wept. At the end of five minutes I said:—

"Cheer up, Madam, cheer up! All's well now. I'll get this thing right in a jiffy. What's the amount?"

"I am not certain—my poor head has been sadly tortured of late—but I think that sixty thousand dollars will—"

I jumped through the second-story window, sash and all.

A FRANKLY BILL.

I wandered round the town for three hours, as crazy as a loon—perfectly desperate. It was plain enough to me now that I had gone mad on the subject of money. How I had ever come to do such a thing was a mystery. For I had always been a sort of spendthrift, a man who had never worshipped gold or greenbacks to any alarming extent. But I was reluctant to accept the situation, anyhow, and so I said to myself that by this time Charley must have bought all the things we wanted and got the bills to the hotel. I would go and pay them. I would see if this dismal hallucination was still in force. When I arrived I told the landlord to make out his own bill and add the tradesmen's bills to it, and give it to me as quickly as possible. Then I sat down to wait—a smothering volcano of patience and anxiety—for if my mind was not straight by this time, I dreaded that my madness might increase, under my distress, and drive me to commit some fearful crime. I shuddered, presently, when I thought I felt a desire creeping through me to spring upon a decrepit old man near me and throttle him. I moved away and turned my back—and then I covertly threw my pocket knife out of the window. Now the bill came. I read thus—

MARK TWAIN to Kingston House 10c. To room rent (2 persons) \$3.00. Removing baggage to room 500

To tradesmen's bills as follows:— 6 bunches bananas 2,700 12 pine apples 2,000 10 dozen oranges 900 2 boxes cigars 22,000 2 baskets charels 22,000 2 champagne 88,000 7 dozen lemons 900 1 pair boots 20,000 1 dozen socks 18,000 2 handkerchiefs 45,000 \$205,400

Rec'd payment. Two hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred dollars! I read this bill over deliberately six or seven times, and never said a word. Then I said I would step out and get a breath of fresh air.

I got it—the breath of fresh air. I walked gently around the corner whistling unconcernedly. And then I glanced back, and seeing nobody watching me, I sauntered towards the American packet ship, at the rate of about eleven or twelve miles an hour. I picked Charley up on the way. We hid between decks a couple of hours, till the vessel was out of sight of land. We were safe. So was the valise, and the cigars and things—the landlord had them. I trust he has them yet. We have parted to meet no more. I have seen enough of Hayti. I never did take much interest in Hayti, anyhow.

MARK TWAIN. P. S. I understand it all now. I have been talking with the captain. It is very simple, when one comprehends it. The fact is, the war has been raging so long that Haytien credit is about dead, and the treasury sapped pretty dry. Therefore one dollar in gold will buy eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars' worth of Haytien greenbacks, according to the tenor of the current war news. I wish I had my valise back.

It is a darling country to live in, that Hayti. Board two hundred and eleven thousand dollars a month in the best hotels, and ice cream three hundred dollars a saucer.

George Sand as a Librettist. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The latest Italian novelty in the way of opera is George Sand's *Petite Fadette* (Madame Sand signs the libretto herself) set to music by M. Semet, the composer of *Le Bais*, *Les Nuits d'Espagne*, etc. No one likely to take an interest in this work need be told that *La Petite Fadette* was already the title of one of the most beautiful novels which the only one of the really great novelists of contemporary France who seems to have seriously cared for the beautiful in fiction has produced. M. Semet may well congratulate himself on having selected such a subject, and on having had the subject he had selected entrusted to him. Composers of operas cannot, as a rule, be said to show much discernment in their choice of subjects. Tragedies, historical plays, melodramas are eagerly seized upon; while legends and quasi-legendary poems and tales, which seem of themselves to invite musical treatment, are passed by. Meyerbeer, as if to extend the limits of opera, took a pleasure in setting political and religious dissertations to music—a hazardous experiment, which in the hands of an inferior master would have meant unequivocal failure. But Meyerbeer also saw and, as a composer, fully brought out the beauty of the little idyll called *Dinorah*, which is full of musical situations, and contains three principal personages, each possessing a natural musical physiognomy. Gounod has often been fortunate in his selection of a "book," and never more so than when he took the Provençal poet's *Mireio* and made it the basis of his *Mireio*—in many respects his best though not the most striking of his few successful operas. A little touch of the supernatural, an element of wonder in some shape or other, has always its value in opera; and it is this fantastic element, aided by the magic of Mme Sand's style, which gives so much charm to *La Petite Fadette*, and increases in a high degree its general suitability for operatic treatment. Wild, dreamy, fanciful, grotesque—and here and there dramatic—

in the conventional and staid sense of the term—it is really surprising that this poetical novel should so long have escaped the "effacing fingers" of the ordinary librettist. It has, at last, had the advantage of being operated upon by the actual co-writer of the author, who seems to have written all the prose dialogue, while the experienced M. Carre (part author of *Hamlet* and *Mignon*, of *Faust* and *Roméo and Juliet*) has prepared the musical pieces and taken charge of the versification generally.

The task accepted by M. Semet, the composer of *La Petite Fadette*, was by no means an easy one. The living work having been reduced, more or less, to the condition of dry bones, it was for M. Semet to make it live again through his music, which, to be fully worthy of the subject, ought, it need hardly be said, to be as eloquent and as expressive as the musical language of George Sand herself. To expect this would be too much; but it appears that M. Semet's music has really had the good fortune to please Mme. Sand, who, on the night of the fourth representation, sent a letter to the composer expressing her admiration for his part of the work, and begging him to congratulate and thank in her name "the charming artists who have contributed so powerfully to its success." Mme. Gall-Marie, the original "Mignon" in M. Ambroise Thomas' opera of that name, has as might have been expected, gained a fresh triumph by her admirable impersonation of Mme Sand's poetical heroine. She is not one of the first vocalists of the day. But though her voice is neither very powerful nor of very extensive compass, she sings with fine dramatic expression; and doubt whether any one of the three great Italian or Italianized singers who have studied the part of "Mignon" can play that part with greater *nuances*, more genuine sentiment, or deeper pathos than are brought to its representation by the artist who first "created" it. Mme. Gall-Marie's "Mignon" was not the Italian "Mignon" of Goethe, but the German "Mignon" of Ary Scheffer. Her "Fadette" is, no doubt, the "Fadette" of George Sand herself, and not of any one of George Sand's "illustrators."

Since Mme Sand approves, it would be ridiculous for any one else to say a word against the somewhat conventional process by which her beautifully written perfectly proportioned novel has been turned into operatic form. Nevertheless, the story having taken a fixed and, as we once fondly imagined, a permanent shape in our memory, it is painful to find that the incidents are, after all, changeable at will. There are some passages of description in the original novel which no painter could realize on canvas, while a composer could at most recall them by masterly use of the orchestra. There are several touching scenes, moreover, between "La Petite Fadette" and her "fader" which are too delicate for substantial transference from the book to the theatre. But while recognizing the existence of these technical difficulties, we cannot understand what necessity there was for making "Fadette" the lover, good and demure himself in his momentary insanity like "L'one", the son of "Lord Derby," in Plotow's *Martha*. Some of the French critics compliment M. Carre on the ingenuity he has shown in depriving his tenor lover, through an entire act, of his ordinary amount of intellect. M. Carre can scarcely take such a compliment seriously, knowing, as he better than any one does, that in almost every modern opera that has attained popularity, the heroine goes mad, and that there is nothing original even in representing the hero as demented. Since the day of "Nina" lunacy has always been more or less in fashion on the operatic stage. Rossini, a sane composer if ever there was one, had, it is true, no taste for madness; but Bellini's "Elvira," Donizetti's "Lencia" and "Linda," Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" and "Catarina," Gounod's "Margarita," Thomas' "Ophelia," all go crazy. Indeed, Madlle Ilma de Muska never impersonates a character who retains full possession of her senses throughout the piece; while the only sound-minded personages represented by Madlle Nilsson are "Lady Henrietta," who drives her lover mad, and "Violetta," who herself perishes of "folly" in the scriptural sense.

Foreign Items. —The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—It seems to be high time that our students should be requested not to transgress the fair limits of experiment. At Rossall College, in North Lancashire, one of the collegians, Hogan by name, was observed to put something into a sugar basin at breakfast time, and shortly afterwards to make tender inquiries after the health of Mr. Sleip, a master connected with the establishment, who, fortunately for himself, had left the sugar basin untouched, for on examination of its contents it was found to contain as much arsenic as would have poisoned nine or ten persons. Young Mr. Hogan, on being questioned, replied that he put the arsenic into the sugar out of curiosity; that he wanted to make an experiment, and that he considered Mr. Sleip the likeliest person to operate upon; it further appeared that he had enough arsenic in a bottle concealed in a chimney to poison all the people at the college. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to hear that the authorities of the college permitted young Mr. Hogan's father to take him away from the establishment. It is stated that he was conveyed home, where, we hope, he will be induced either to pause in his interesting researches, or to select himself on the next occasion as "the likeliest person to operate upon."

—In the last number of *Notes and Queries* a correspondent calls attention to the following prediction in Spanish:—"Father Balmoris, who in 1830 was preacher in Granada, and passed from thence to Rome on his way to the Indies, related to Father Martin Alberro a revelation made to him—I saw a land swallowed by the sea and covered with water, but afterwards I saw that, little by little, the sea retreated and left the land visible, and the upper parts of the towers and the turrets of the cities rose and appeared more beautiful than before being swallowed by the sea; and it was told me that it was England."

This is a very disagreeable vision, especially as it is countenanced by the fact that so many of our public buildings and private dwellings are in a most sinful state of dirt and grime.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, ETC. DRAWING INSTRUMENTS AND DRAWING MATERIALS. Of all kinds. CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 92 Walnut St. No. 924 CHESTNUT STREET.

LOST. \$10 REWARD.—LOST—A CERTIFICATE OF NON CITY LOAN, No. 1029, for \$4500, in the name of JOHN G. CARDE. Applications has been made for a renewal of said certificate. Of no use to any one but the holder. \$241 1/2 St. No. 25 DEAN Street, Philadelphia.

EDUCATIONAL.

YOUNG MEN AND BOYS' ENGLISH, Classical and Commercial Institute, No. 1068 MT. VERNON Street. Preparation for business or college.

JAMES PEARCE, M. B., ORGANIST, ST. MARK'S (No. 1431 SPRUCE Street), can be seen from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. Teachers: Geo. F. Pearson, Piano and Harmony, 10 1/2 South St.; THE EDGEHILL SCHOOL, a Boarding and Day School for Boys, will begin its next session in the new base simple white brick room for repairs.

MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY MONDAY, September 6, 1869. For circulars apply to Rev. T. W. CATTELL, Principal.

ENGINES, MACHINERY, ETC. PENN STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS—SEAFIE & LEVY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, ROLLERS, BLACKSMITHS, and FOUNDRIES, having for many years been in successful operation, and been extensively engaged in building and repairing Marine and River Engines, high and low pressure, Iron Boilers, Water Tanks, Fire Engines, etc., etc., respectfully offer their services to the public, being fully prepared to contract for engines of all sizes, Marine, River, and Stationary, having sets of patterns of different sizes prepared to execute orders with quick despatch. Every description of pattern-making at the shortest notice. High and Low Pressure Fine Tubular and Cylinder Boilers of the best Pennsylvania Charcoal Iron. Forgings of all sizes and kinds, Iron and Gas Machinery, Tanks, Iron Boats, etc. Best Patent Screw Cutting and all other work connected with the above business. Drawings and specifications for all work done at the establishment free of charge, and work guaranteed. The subscribers have simple white brick room for repairs of boats, where they can be in perfect safety, and are provided with shears, blocks, falls, etc., for raising heavy or light weights.

JACOB C. SEAFIE, JOHN P. LEVY, 33 BEACH and PALMER Streets.

SOUTHWARK FOUNDRY, FIFTH and WASHINGTON Streets, PHILADELPHIA. MILLER & SONS, ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS, manufacture High and Low Pressure Steam Engines for Land, River, and Marine Service. Boilers, Gasometers, Tanks, Iron Boats, etc. Castings of all kinds, either Iron or Brass. Iron Frame, Boilers for Gas Works, Workshops, and Railroad Stations, etc. Retorts and Gas Machinery of the latest and most improved construction. Every description of Plantation Machinery, also Sugar, Saw, and Grist Mills, Vacuum Pans, Oil Steam Trains, Defecators, Filters, Pumping Engines, etc.

Sole Agents for M. Billen's Sugar Boiling Apparatus, Nesmyth's Patent Steam Hammer, and Aspinwall & Woolsey's Patent Centrifugal Sugar Draining Machines. 439

CIRARD TUBE WORKS. JOHN H. MURPHY & BROS., Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Pipe, etc. PHILADELPHIA, PA. WORKS, TWENTY-THIRD and FILBERT Streets. OFFICE, No. 42 North FIFTH Street.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS. R. R. THOMAS & CO., DEALERS IN Doors, Blinds, Sash, Shutters WINDOW FRAMES, ETC. N. W. CORNER OF EIGHTH and MARKET Streets 9 1/2 St. PHILADELPHIA.

THE PRINCIPAL DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF REVENUE STAMPS. No. 304 CHESTNUT STREET.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 303 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. FORMAN P. HOLLINSHEAD, Secretary. 410

STRICTLY MUTUAL. Provident Life and Trust Co. OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 111 S. FOURTH STREET.

Organized to promote LIFE INSURANCE among members of the Society of Friends. Good risks of any class accepted. Policies issued on approved plans, at the lowest rates. President, SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, Vice-President, WILLIAM C. LONGSTRETH, Actuary, ROWLAND PARKY. The advantages offered by this Company are unexcelled.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 303 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. FORMAN P. HOLLINSHEAD, Secretary. 410

INCORPORATED 1861—CHARTER PERPETUAL. No. 234 WALNUT Street, opposite the Exchange. This Company insures from loss or damage by fire on liberal terms, on buildings, merchandise, furniture, etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings by deposit of premiums.

The Company has been in active operation for more than SIXTY YEARS, during which all losses have been promptly adjusted and paid.

DIRECTORS: John I. Hodge, David Lewis, John F. Mahony, Robert E. Foy, William S. Grant, Thomas H. Powers, Robert W. Leaning, Alfred D. Joseph, D. Clark Whitson, Samuel Wilcox, Lewis C. Norris, JOHN R. WOODRICK, President. SAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary. 428

OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, No. 232 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual. Assets \$2,000,000. Capital, \$500,000. MARINE, INLAND, AND FIRE INSURANCE. OVER \$200,000 LOSSES PAID SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

DIRECTORS: Francis H. Cope, Edward H. Procter, Edward S. Clarke, Charles Henry, Alfred D. Joseph, John F. Mahony, Louis G. Malouin, Charles W. Gushman, GEORGE H. HARTSHORN, Actuary. GEORGE COFFIN, President. MATTHIAS MADRY, Secretary. 244

FAME INSURANCE COMPANY. No. 809 CHESTNUT Street. INCORPORATED 1856. CHARTER PERPETUAL. CAPITAL, \$200,000. FIRE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY. Issues against Loss or Damage by Fire either by Perpetual or Temporary Policies.

DIRECTORS: Charles Richardson, Robert Fegore, William H. Shaw, John Keenan, Jr., William M. Seyfert, Edward H. Oran, Henry Lewis, Charles Stocken, Nathan Hill, John W. Evanson, George A. West, Mortimer Easley, WILLIAM H. RIAAWN, Vice-President. WILLIAMS L. BLANCHARD, Secretary. 726

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. No. 610 WALNUT Street, opposite Independence Square. This Company, favorably known to the community for over forty years, continues to insure against loss or damage by fire on Public or Private Buildings, either permanently or for a limited time. Also on the stocks of Goods, and Merchandise generally, on liberal terms. Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund, is invested in the most careful manner, which enables them to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.

DIRECTORS: Daniel Smith, Jr., John Devereux, Alexander Benson, Thomas Sand, Isaac Hazlehurst, Henry Lewis, Thomas Robins, Daniel Haddock, J. G. Gillingham, WM. G. CROWLEY, Jr., President. DANIEL SMITH, Jr., Secretary. 622

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1803. Paid-up Capital and Accumulated Funds, \$8,000,000 IN GOLD.

PREVOST & HERRING, Agents, 240 No. 107 S. THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

CLAS. M. PREVOST, Wm. F. HERRING.

INSURANCE.

1829. CHARTER PERPETUAL. Franklin Fire Insurance Company OF PHILADELPHIA. Office, Nos. 435 and 437 CHESTNUT St. Assets Jan. 1, '69, \$2,677,372 1/3

CAPITAL, \$400,000-00 ACCRUED SURPLUS, \$1,958,028-70 PREMIUMS, \$1,199,548-33 UNSETTLED CLAIMS, \$28,788-12 INCOME FOR 1869, \$300,000.

Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms. The Company also issues Policies on Rents of Buildings of all kinds, Ground Rents, and Mortgages.

DIRECTORS: Alfred G. Baker, Samuel Grant, George W. Richards, Isaac K. Brown, George Fales, JAS. W. McALLISTER, Secretary. THEODORE M. HIGGINS, Assistant Secretary. 32

INSURE AT HOME, IN THE Penn Mutual Life Insurance COMPANY. No. 921 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. ASSETS, \$3,000,000. CHARTERED BY OUR OWN STATE. MANAGED BY OUR OWN CITIZENS. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID. POLICIES ISSUED ON VARIOUS PLANS. Applications may be made at the Home Office, and at the Agencies throughout the State. (216)

JAMES TRACAIR, PRESIDENT. MAUREL E. STOKES, VICE-PRESIDENT. JOHN W. HORNOR, A. V. P. and ACTUARY. HORATIO M. STEPHENS, SECRETARY.

ASBURY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. No. 291 BROADWAY, corner READE Street, New York. CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$1,000,000. Deposited with the State of New York as security for policy holders.

LEWIS B. RANCO, President. GEORGE ELLIOTT, Vice-President and Secretary. EMORY McCOLLISTER, Actuary. A. M. PURDY, M. D., Medical Examiner. REFERENCES BY TESTIMONY: Thomas T. Tucker, John M. Maris, J. H. Lippincott, Charles Spencer, William D. Jones, John A. Wright, S. Morris Wain, James Hunter, Arthur G. Coffin, John B. McCroary, E. H. Worace.

In the character of its Directors, security of management, reasonableness of rates, PAID RESERVE PLAN OF DELEGATED DIVIDENDS, no accumulation in female lives, and absolute non-forfeiture of all policies, and no restriction of travel after the first year, the ASBURY presents a combination of advantages offered by no other company. Policies issued in every form, and a loan of one-third made when desired. Special advantages offered to clergymen. For all further information address JAMES M. LONGACRE, Manager for Pennsylvania and Delaware. Office, No. 303 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. FORMAN P. HOLLINSHEAD, Secretary. 410

STRICTLY MUTUAL. Provident Life and Trust Co. OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 111 S. FOURTH STREET.

Organized to promote LIFE INSURANCE among members of the Society of Friends. Good risks of any class accepted. Policies issued on approved plans, at the lowest rates.

President, SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, Vice-President, WILLIAM C. LONGSTRETH, Actuary, ROWLAND PARKY. The advantages offered by this Company are unexcelled.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 303 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. FORMAN P. HOLLINSHEAD, Secretary. 410

INCORPORATED 1861—CHARTER PERPETUAL. No. 234 WALNUT Street, opposite the Exchange. This Company insures from loss or damage by fire on liberal terms, on buildings, merchandise, furniture, etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings by deposit of premiums.

The Company has been in active operation for more than SIXTY YEARS, during which all losses have been promptly adjusted and paid.

DIRECTORS: John I. Hodge, David Lewis, John F. Mahony, Robert E. Foy, William S. Grant, Thomas H. Powers, Robert W. Leaning, Alfred D. Joseph, D. Clark Whitson, Samuel Wilcox, Lewis C. Norris, JOHN R. WOODRICK, President. SAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary. 428

OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, No. 232 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual. Assets \$2,000,000. Capital, \$500,000. MARINE, INLAND, AND FIRE INSURANCE. OVER \$200,000 LOSSES PAID SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

DIRECTORS: Francis H. Cope, Edward H. Procter, Edward S. Clarke, Charles Henry, Alfred D. Joseph, John F. Mahony, Louis G. Malouin, Charles W. Gushman, GEORGE H. HARTSHORN, Actuary. GEORGE COFFIN, President. MATTHIAS MADRY, Secretary. 244

FAME INSURANCE COMPANY. No. 809 CHESTNUT Street. INCORPORATED 1856. CHARTER PERPETUAL. CAPITAL, \$200,000. FIRE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY. Issues against Loss or Damage by Fire either by Perpetual or Temporary Policies.

DIRECTORS: Charles Richardson, Robert Fegore, William H. Shaw, John Keenan, Jr., William M. Seyfert, Edward H. Oran, Henry Lewis, Charles Stocken, Nathan Hill, John W. Evanson, George A. West, Mortimer Easley, WILLIAM H. RIAAWN, Vice-President. WILLIAMS L. BLANCHARD, Secretary. 726

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. No. 610 WALNUT Street, opposite Independence Square. This Company, favorably known to the community for over forty years, continues to insure against loss or damage by fire on Public or Private Buildings, either permanently or for a limited time. Also on the stocks of Goods, and Merchandise generally, on liberal terms. Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund, is invested in the most careful manner, which enables them to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.

DIRECTORS: Daniel Smith, Jr., John Devereux, Alexander Benson, Thomas Sand, Isaac Hazlehurst, Henry Lewis, Thomas Robins, Daniel Haddock, J. G. Gillingham, WM. G. CROWLEY, Jr., President. DANIEL SMITH, Jr., Secretary. 622

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1803. Paid-up Capital and Accumulated Funds, \$8,000,000 IN GOLD.

PREVOST & HERRING, Agents, 240 No. 107 S. THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

CLAS. M. PREVOST, Wm. F. HERRING.

LUMBER.

1869 SPRUCE JOIST, SPRUCE JOIST, HEMLOCK. 1869

1869 SEASONED CLEAR PINE, SEASONED CLEAR PINE, CHOICE PATERN PINE, SPANISH CEDAR, PINE PATTERNS, RED CEDAR. 1869

1869 FLORIDA FLOORING, FLORIDA FLOORING, CAROLINA FLOORING, VIRGINIA FLOORING, DELAWARE FLOORING, ASH FLOORING, WALNUT FLOORING, FLORIDA STICK BOARDS, RAIL FLANK. 1869

1869 WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK, WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK, WALNUT BOARDS, WALNUT PLANK. 1869

1869 UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER, UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER, RED CEDAR, WALNUT AND PINE. 1869

1869 SEASONED POPLAR, SEASONED CHERRY, WHITE OAK PLANK AND BOARDS, HICKORY. 1869

1869 CIGAR BOX MAKERS' CIGAR BOX MAKERS' SPANISH CEDAR BOX BOARDS, FOR SALE LOW. 1869